

THE FENIAN BLOOD-HOUNDS.

Dedicated to Sweeney & O'Mahony, by
W. CASE.

Come on, ye poor deluded dupes,
And listen to this song ;
Come on—and one good flogging get—
It will not take us long.

Because our Volunteers turn'd out
Like Lions ! from the den ;
Not like the coward, Fenian hearts,
But with the hearts of men.

Come on—come on—we anxious wait
To meet you on our shore ;
Where you will soon be satisfied
That “ Fenians ” are no more !

It is our blood these wretches seek,
Their looks are mark'd with murder—
They march—and march—towards the lines,
But darsn't come—no furdur !

No Fenian dupes shall own our soil—
Our flag still waves on high ;
And never shall that flag fall down
Until we all shall die !

Why loiter on the other side ?
Or do you want more aid ?
The weather likely is too cold
As yet, to make a “ raid ! ”

The Fenians here in Canada
Await the time to join—
To get a perfect drilling—like
The “ Battle of the Boyne ! ”

And only wait like lurking wolves
That prowl around by night,
To murder—burn up children—wives—
Whose men are gone to fight.

They have collected mammoth funds,
And dupes—blood-thirsty scum—
With cannon, rifles, pikes, and swords—
Why don't the cowards come ?

But should the battle day arrive,
Then onward to the field ;
Let guardian angels bear the flag,
And God will be our shield.

RICHMOND-HEAT
SP 10
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C.W.